

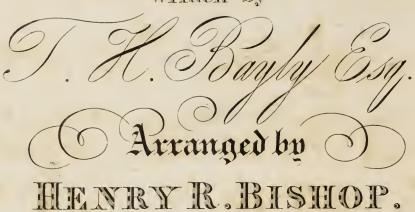




The law we never mention Her. As sung by

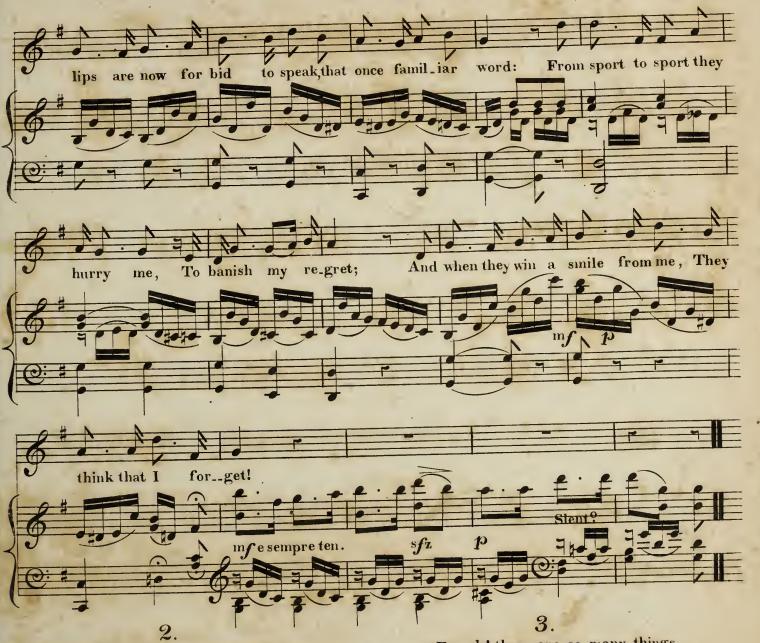
MR. PEARMAN

Written by



NEW YORK Published by DUBOIS & STODART No.167 Broadway.





They bid me seek in change of scene,
The charms that others see;
But were I in a foreign land,
They'd find no change in me:
'Tis true that I behold no more,
The valley where we met,
I do not see the hawthorn tree,
But how can I forget?

For oh! there are so many things
Recall the past to me,
The breeze upon the sunny hills
The billows of the sea
The rosy tint that decks the sky,
Before the sun is set,
Aye ev'ry leaf I look upon,
Forbids me to forget!

They tell me she is happy now,
The gayest of the gay;
They hint that she forgets me,
But heed not what they say;
Like me perhaps she struggles,
With each feeling of regret,
But if she loves, as I have lovd
She never can forget!

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